BELLAMY-

The Complex Mystery of Vigo Square, Written for This Paper by James Payn.

CHAPTER I.

MY OWN MYSTIFICATION.

Mr. Pullen was a rich man. He had made his money in California mines and had come to London to spend it. He had worked the pick with his own hands, a circumstance which had caused him to be excluded from the sensitive "society" of his country. But London cares nothing for these matters. It takes people, both in a good and an ill sense, for what they are worth, and asks no questions about either their relatives or their antecedents. It welcomed Mr. Pullen because he was a hospitable fellow, and Mrs. Pullen because she was good natured and took so kindly to the prosperity that had befallen her. If it had been told by any mischievous person that Mr. Pullen had been a practical miner it would probably have said that it was an argument in favor of early marriages, and if it had known better would not have cared.

Indeed, though their old neighbors may have "fought shy" of this excellent couple, we acknowledged their merits, and had no objection, so long as it was at home, to cultivate, or at all events make use of their acquaintance. Hence it happened that when I got my first clerkship at Messrs. Bullion & Ingot's I got an introduction from my people to the Pullens in London. We believed — and they even believed themselves—that they were in London, but the fact was that though their residence could hardly be called suburban, they were not quite in what is humorously termed "the village." They were a good way off from my lodging in King street, St. James, and I did not often take advantage of their hospitality, though it was generously tendered. The people one met at their dinner table were like themselves, middle-aged, and not much to my youthful mind. I think they were financial people with whom Mr. Pullen had commercial relations, and they talked of matters I did not understand. If there had been daughters in the family it would doubtless have been different, and I should have joined the lawn tennis parties I often saw playing in the public gardens at the back of Vigo Square, but there were no young people to attract me.

Moreover, I honestly add that there was another reason which disinclined me to much intimacy with the Pullens, or rather another cause, for it could hardly be called a reason; it was Bellamy, their butler. To those who have not read "David Copperfield," it may seem incredible that any young gentleman should be made uncomfortable by somebody else's butler. But then I was very young, and Bellamy made me know it. He was solemn, sedate, and intensely respectable. One has heard of butlers who look like bishops, but this one looked like an archbishop. He had been recommended to the Pullens on their arrival in town and been with them ever since. Mrs. Pullen once described him to me as a perfect treasure, but I think she was secretly afraid of him, and I am quite sure her husband was, though he tried to persuade himself that he was actuated by love and not fear. On our first acquaintance I thought that perhaps Bellamy had found out that his master had been a miner and thereby got the upper hand of him. His former places had been (or he said they had been) in great establishments with persons of title, and I believe it was that absurd circumstance which mainly weighed with the simple couple, and established the man's authority in the household. He ruled it, not indeed with a rod of iron, but as it were with a pastoral staff. There was an unctuous dignity about him which would have adorned the very highest ecclesiastical position. But what I objected to was what in those salad days I called his infernal patronage. He made me feel so very, very young, and when I resented it, made me feel younger. I have known him at a dinner party give me a wineglass less than other people. It may have been an accident, but I firmly believed it to be a hint not to mix my liquors; and once when I looked in at luncheon time he comically offered me a napkin, as though I were not an adult. I am ashamed to say that Bellamy was certainly "a cause," as old Burton calls it, why my visits to the Pullens were so few and far between.

It was with some feeling of penitence and remorse indeed that after a very long interval I started one September afternoon to call in Vigo square. I knew I ought to have done so any time within the last two months, and also that I was doing it then because almost all my other friends were out of town and I could not afford to be so particular as at other times in my choice of hospitalities. A good dinner at old Pullen's, even though Bellamy might reproach me from the sideboard with my youth and inexperience, was better than dining alone at a restaurant, for club I had none.

Imagine, then, how my conscience smote me when I drew nigh that hospitable door to find a hearse and a couple of mourning carriages before it! Either poor Pullen or his wife (for, as I have said, they had no family) were evidently about to be taken to their long home. Indeed, even while I looked the coffin was brought out, and after it was borne away I saw Bellamy in the portico deeply but respectably affected, and waving a farewell blessing to the lamented remains. I was not more uncharitable than most men of my age (with whom cynicism is only popular because they think it a sign of maturity), but the reflection did strike me that I had never seen a more hypocritical-looking scoundrel in my life. As to asking him any question in connection with the mournful occasion it never entered my mind to do so; it would have seemed a wrong to the memory of either host or hostess, and I came away without knowing which of them had departed, though with sincere sorrow for the event itself.

In the papers I could find nothing about it, and we had no common friends, so there was nothing for it but to wait a decent interval and then call with "kind inquiries." This dutiful attention was put a stop to in a very unexpected manner in a fortnight afterward by my meeting Pullen himself in the city. "It must have been his poor wife, then," was my first thought, and yet, though he looked less beaming than usual, he was scarcely so cast down as a devoted husband who had so recently become a widower ought to have been, and moreover he was not in mourning. On catching sight of me he smiled rather feebly (or, as I thought, coldly, as well he might, considering my long neglect of him), and exclaimed: "Why, you are quite a stranger. How long is it since you were at Vigo square?"

It was really more than three months since I had crossed his threshold, but I had been to the square, as I have said, and I thought it best to rest my excuses at once upon a solid basis.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Pullen, I did get last month so far as your house, but under the circumstances—it was on the 18th" (he would surely remember the date I thought to myself)—"I did not, of course, go in."

"And why should you not have gone in?" he inquired airily. "Glad to see you, I am sure, at any time."

"But on so melancholy an occasion—a domestic calamity, my dear sir."

"What in the deuce do you mean? I have had no domestic calamity."

I thought this very cruel, and, indeed, brutal of old Pullen, for his wife had been a very nice person, and he had always seemed to be very fond of her.

"Well, I don't know what you call it, but I saw the hearse standing at your door and the body brought out and put into it."

"You did, did you?" he said, looking very grave and earnest. "You saw that at my house, did you?"

"Most certainly I did."

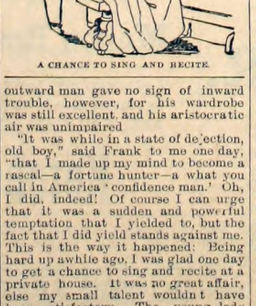
"Indeed?" He looked very thoughtful and depressed, like one who has received worse news than he is prepared for. "Well, my young friend, be so good as not to say anything about it till you hear from me." He shook my hand with nervous energy and hurried away.

I had wronged the old fellow. It was evident that so far from being unmoved by the calamity that had befallen him it had unhinged his mind. Otherwise he would never have doubted what I told him of the 18th of September and begged me, almost in the same breath, to keep the matter a secret.

CHAPTER II.

MY FRIEND BAXTER'S PUZZLE.

Among the acquaintances which I had made in London was that of Frank Baxter. He lacked only the talent to become a notable actor. The deficiency was fatal, of course; and it seemed a pity, because he was ambitious and handsome. These qualifications were three-fourths enough, we will say, to command success on the stage, but, alas! the missing quarter consisted of mimetic ability, and of that he had not a particle. He roomed next to me, and we became somewhat intimate. He told me of his arduous practice as an amateur actor, and I, with the injudicious applause of his friends had befooled him into the belief that a great professional career was possible to him. He told me, also, of his failure under the test conditions of a role in a regular drama before a regular audience. He said that the manager had engaged him to enact a not very important yet aristocratic young lover, and, looking at his fine personal appearance and bearing, I could readily understand why his application for the employment had been successful, in spite of the fact that he was a novice. But his suitable aspect had not availed him much, in the absence of all facility in acting, and he had dropped, after one week of fruitless endeavor to improve his performance, down into assignments to "utility" parts. For this comparatively ignoble service he received only £3 a week. He was living snugly, not to say meanly, on that scant income when he and I fell in with each other. His



A CHANCE TO SING AND RECITE.

outward man gave no sign of inward trouble, however, for his wardrobe was still excellent, and his aristocratic air was unimpaired.

"It was while in a state of dejection, old boy," said Frank to me one day, "that I made up my mind to become a rascal—a fortune hunter—a what you call in America 'confidence man.' Oh, I did, indeed! Of course I can urge that it was a sudden and powerful temptation that I yielded to, but the fact that I did yield stands against me. This is the way it happened: Being hard up awhile ago, I was glad one day to get a chance to sing and recite at a private house. It was no great affair, else my small talent wouldn't have been satisfactory. The young lady who played a piano accompaniment to my songs was a Miss Pullen—a Miss Polly Pullen. Do you know her?"

An exclamation of surprise on my part had caused Frank to ask the question. The name of Pullen had caught my ear on account of my acquaintance with the Pullens of Vigo square; but, as I knew that they had no daughter and had no relative in England, I concluded at once that I didn't, and couldn't, know a Miss Pullen.

"It's your misfortune that you don't know her," Frank resumed, "and it is my misfortune that I do. Listen. She was the greatest, sweetest, loveliest creature you can imagine. I try to think it was partly love at first sight and not altogether diabolical scoundrelism that made me cheat her. Yes, I did deceive her. This is the way it came to pass: She overheard somebody utter the name of Count D'Arcy. You've heard of him? The French nobleman who would be wealthy if he could cash up his ancestral richness of lineage, perhaps, who is poor of pocket because no such financial operation is possible. However, he has relatives with fortunes, and I believe they make a sufficient allowance to him to enable him to live in idleness. Now, by some accident, Miss Pullen thought the name was addressed to me. By a strange sequence to that accident she was led to believe that I was Count D'Arcy. Now, my dear boy, I ask you to believe that I had at the time no deliberate intention to profit by the mistake further than to bask myself in the sunshine of that dear girl's smile. I only knew her on that occasion as Miss Martin, an American, and I assumed that she was a guest. But before the evening was over she told me that she was a paid entertainer. I should have known it, for her piano playing and her singing, although pretty good, were no better than one comes across in drawing rooms often. Why, oh, why, was I not correspondingly frank? Why didn't I tell her I was only Frank Baxter, a no-account actor, earning a fee of £3. Because I was in love with

I FOUND HIM INSTRUCTING THE LADIES.

her, and I feared that to tell her the truth would disenchant her. So I let her go on under the apprehension that I was Count D'Arcy. When we bade each other good night I audaciously begged the privilege of further acquaintance. What was the use of being a Count D'Arcey if I wasn't to obtrude myself on a pretty professional vocalist when I chose to? But she repulsed my advances kindly but firmly. She wouldn't give me her address and she deprecated any informality or precipitancy of acquaintance. At length, being persistently pressed, she admitted that she might be at the academy picture show on a certain afternoon a week later."

"Did you meet her there?" I asked of Frank.

"Do two and two make four?" he responded.

"In this case," said I, "probably one and one will make one."

"I thought it would, and it did," said Frank ruefully, "but I went to the picture show and soon came across Miss Pullen. She was accompanied by her mother, who neither frowned nor smiled on our renewal of acquaintance, which ripened rapidly, I assure you. Why, Polly and I were lovers at once. We looked at the pictures two or three hours without really seeing them, and at parting she said—shyly yet alluringly—that I might call on her at her home in Vigo square."

"Frank Baxter," I interrupted, "what are you saying? I know the Pullens of Vigo square."

"And what are they?"

"A millionaire family from America."

"So I soon learned. I was astonished when I paid my first visit to find myself in a luxurious residence. Then, seeing curiosity depicted in my face, Polly explained that she wasn't a professional singer, as she had mischievously led me to believe, but an only daughter of the Pullens. In short, she was a great heiress. If you don't know the Pullens you must know her."

"I never heard of a daughter," I insisted, but Frank described the house unmistakably. He said that Mr. Pullen had gone on a trip to the continent, leaving his wife and daughter in the charge of a trusty butler. I exclaimed, "Bellamy."

"Bellamy," my friend echoed. "Yes—an impressive creature. Why, one day I found him instructing the ladies. Yes, actually, he stood before Mrs. and Miss Pullen, who sat almost meekly in their chairs, and was delivering something that, judging by the few words I heard, was a lecture on American pronunciation and manners. Of course he stopped instantly I entered and all three seemed a bit flustered. I didn't like Bellamy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE condition of Italy is pictured in very gloomy colors by Mrs. Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent. Sicily has a population mostly of Greek and Arab mixture not in touch with the rest of Italy, but apparently loyal. The revolted people are revolutionary as regards local administration and the octroi duties, but are loyal as to the King and Queen, and carry their portraits in the van of their processions. In other parts of the kingdom all is awry financially. There is not enough of currency to carry on business. The ancient system of bartering commodities has to be restorted to owing to scarcity of money. Taxes grind down the cities which should be the most thriving. They are paid on nearly everything, and Mrs. Crawford says, "the money is shamefully wasted by a cumbersome, ill-paid and swarming civil service." North Italy and Tuscany support lazy and beggarly Rome, Sicily and Naples, and a frightful extravagance has prevailed in maintaining public works in the great cities, something like $200,000,000 having been spent in Naples alone. The conclusion Mrs. Crawford comes to about Italy is that federation instead of centralization under a monarchy would be the best form of government were there not the danger of foreign machinations.

ILLINOIS INCIDENTS.

SOBER OR STARTLING, FAITHFULLY RECORDED.

Brother Lafever Continues Physical with Spiritual Power—Vaccination Still Urged by Health Authorities—Transformation of "Black Jack" Yattaw's Bum Boat.

Preacher Has to Use Force.

The pastor in charge of the Methodist Church of Lynville is a circuit-rider named Lafever, and he seems to have emulated W. T. Stead in the plainness of some of his preaching. He spoke one evening in a manner to shock some good people. The boys took to teasing him by various tricks and finally one of them made a disturbance in church. The preacher marched down from the pulpit and made the youngster behave himself. This angered the lad's mother, and when Brother Lafever asked the woman if she was a Christian the mother of the offender told the preacher that it was none of his business. This led to other unsavory language, and after church a party of boys laid for the preacher and met them fearlessly. They clinched and fell, but were separated, and now three of them have been arrested for disturbing the peace. A great sensation has resulted, as those arrested are from the best families in the county.

Bumboat to Be a Floating Bethel.

"Black Jack's" bumboat, at Chicago, turned into a floating bethel, is now the scene of prayer and sermon. In the big room where Yattaw was wont to dispense liquor behind a rough bar of slabs divine services for the "great unreached," in the words of Chaplain E. R. Pierce, are held. In the clubrooms, where the abandoned held drunken orgies, prayers take the place of oaths. For the present the ex-bumboat will be just south of Madison street, but in May it will be towed to the west of the south end of Halsted street bridge, and there it will remain. After it was wrecked last fall, the bumboat was bought by Chaplain Pierce for the Floating Bethel Association. He paid $300 for the wreck, and it cost $200 to have it fixed up. Dr. Gunsaulus' church paid the repair bill, and then the Second Presbyterian contributed funds for the transformation.

Arrested for Wrecking a Train.

Lafayette Anderson, a carpenter of Anna, and B. Brown and Willis Parks, of Ullin, were arrested charged with wrecking the "Chicago and New Orleans limited" near Ullin Station, on the Illinois Central, Nov. 5. A switch was thrown open and the train ran into it at full speed, overturning the engine and baggage and express car. The fireman, Charles Hammond, of Centralia, and two tramps who were stealing a ride on the platform of the express car were killed. The object of the train wreckers was supposed to have been robbery. A large sum of money was being carried in the express messenger's safe. No effort was made, however, to secure the money after the train was wrecked. Detectives have since been engaged on the case, and the arrests are the result of their work. The three men are now in jail at Mound City.

Killed Him for the Reward.

The wife of Thomas Robertson, the alleged leader of the gang of conspirators who attempted to blow up the Goodman dam with dynamite and who is supposed to have been killed in the fight resulting from the attempt, went to Murphysboro and swore out warrants for Thomas Gray, Ed. Grady and William Aldridge, and charges them with murder. She alleges that these men induced Robertson to join them in the operation and then betrayed the plot to the officers and shot Robertson themselves in order to receive the $460 reward offered by Union County for any one detected tampering with the dam. Officers are after the three men, but have not yet returned.

Small-Pox Keeps Up Its Record.

Secretary Miner, of the State Board of Charities, is sending to the superintendents of the State charitable institutions and the county poorhouses a circular requesting the vaccination of the inmates of those institutions. Secretary Scott, of the State Board of Health, is sending a circular to the County Physicians of the State requesting them to attend to the vaccination of paupers. Health Commissioner Arthur R. Reynolds, of Chicago, reports to the State Board of Health that during the month of February there were 233 cases of small-pox in that city, while during the thirteen days following there were 116 cases.

Seriously Ill in a Foreign Land.

Mrs. H. B. Randall, of Rockford, who went to Vancouver, B. C., to meet Miss Nettie Corbin, a Rockford young woman missionary to China, telegraphed that on the arrival of the steamer that was to bring her she learned that Miss Corbin was taken very sick on board, and was obliged to land at some point on the coast of Japan. She has been ill with consumption, and it is now feared will not return home alive. Miss Corbin formerly lived in Rockford, and was prominent socially and in church work.

Record of the Week.

AMATEURS made an attempt to rob a bank at Smithfield, but were driven away by the citizens.

ANTON SLAVANISKA, an Austrian laborer, was killed at Joliet by being struck by rock from a blast.

THE Presbyterians of Waukegan dedicated a handsome new church just completed at a cost of $17,000.

EMIL SMITH shot and killed himself at Peoria. Despondency at losing his position is said to be the cause.

G. A. SANFORD, President of the Second National Bank of Rockford, died of paralysis. He was 80 years old.

ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY is to have a summer station for the natural history laboratory and the study of aquatic fauna.

JOHN WHITTAKER, a notorious rough of Peoria, was shot and killed by Police Officer Herman Damm, whom he resisted.

MISTAKING Otto Hronek, a Chicago newsboy, for a burglar, G. A. Oswald shot him, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal.

ATTORNEYS representing Prendergast, the murderer of Carter Harrison, have asked the Illinois Supreme Court for a supersedeas.

ELDER F. M. JOHNSON, of Alton, has been called as pastor of the Baptist Church in Virginia.

AT Elgin, the store of A. D. Martin, hardware dealer, was closed by the Sheriff on two executions.

BURGLARS robbed the safe in the postoffice at Patoka, and secured $150 in cash and $130 in stamps.

CLARENCE WILLIAMS, a colored boy wanted at Memphis, Tenn., for murder, was arrested at Lincoln.

JEALOUS William Donaldson, near Champaign, attacked his rival with a brick, and then killed himself.

RESIDENTS of Decatur are stirred by a union revival. Nearly every store closed to observe a day of prayer.

DAVID HALLINAN, of Chicago, was arrested for robbing his own saloon to defraud a concern that insures against burglars.

AT a meeting of mining company directors at Edinburg, O. F. Place, of Chicago, attempted to kill Secretary Harrington.

MISS ELIZA MACK, of Freeburg, fell from a stepladder, sustaining injuries that have caused her to become hopelessly insane.

REV. F. M. HAYS, of Clinton, was expelled from the church for the reason that he also belonged to another denomination.

STOREKEEPER WESLEY and Druggist Elich, Evanston, fought because the latter sold the former's wife intoxicating bitters.

MEN in the wholesale grocers' trade in Chicago contributed $6,665 toward the Central Relief Association work of aiding the poor.

WM. SUTTERER, of Alton, who robbed his dying mother of a $300 certificate of deposit and forged her name, has been arrested in St. Louis.

POLICE OFFICER PETER W. KENNEDY, of Chicago, was summarily dismissed from the force for assaulting a young couple while intoxicated.

M. O. SHOOP, Kaneville's tax collector, was held up by two highwaymen and relieved of $400 in cash. He has no clew to the identity of the robbers.

MARTIN CONNORS and William Coyne, of Rockford, were arrested and bound over to the grand jury in the sum of $600 each for robbing the store of Burr Brothers.

THOMAS ALLEN and William Hattershire, two Carlyle boys of 12 years, were boat riding in the Kaskaskia River when the boat capsized. William Hattershire was drowned.

THE two-story residence of R. J. Adkins was entirely destroyed by fire at Chandlerville. Loss, $3,000; no insurance. Mrs. Adkins was seriously burned, and her recovery is doubtful.

A WOMAN calling herself Mrs. E. L. Hall, of Philadelphia, was arrested at Alton for failing to pay board for herself and four children at the Hotel Madison during the last six weeks.

GEORGE PETTIBONE, an employe of R. W. Hosmer, the Chicago insurance man, was arrested for embezzling $950. It is the same old story of a young man on a small salary living beyond his means.

SYLVESTER WILKERSON, locked up at the Belleville jail, suspected of being one of the men who held up a Mobile and Ohio train near East St. Louis a week ago, it appears, turns out to be a horsethief.

MISS ALMA WINTERS, the 16-year-old daughter of Charles Winters, of Barrington, was frightened to death during the progress of a fire which destroyed her father's residence. Miss Winters was an only daughter.

MISS BERTHA BELL TURNER, 19 years old, who died in St. Louis under mysterious circumstances, was the daughter of Henry Turner, of Lebanon, one of the wealthiest and most prominent colored citizens of Southern Illinois. Miss Turner attended McKendree College and had a high standing in scholarship.

STEPHEN COYNE and his wife live northeast of Aurora on a small farm. With them live their only daughter and her husband, Jake and Mrs. John Hill, and their children. Coyne apparently became suddenly insane. Taking an ax he struck his daughter in the head. She dodged and escaped the full force of the blow. Coyne then went out to the barn and set fire to the hay, intending to cremate himself. He could not stand the ordeal and threw himself into a creek near by. Some boys fished him out of the water, when he went back to the house and cut his throat with a razor. He is still alive and may recover.

MARENGO is all stirred up over a charivari and its outcome. The son of City Marshal D. W. Hewitt was married. A lot of young people, including some of the leading youths in town, serenaded the happy couple. The Marshal got angry and drove the noisy crowd away, after knocking some of them down with his fists. They had him arrested for assault. At the hearing the case was dismissed. Then the Marshal had the members of the charivari party arrested. The legal penalty is $250 fine, and if the accused shall be found guilty and fail to pay up the jail will be crowded. And it will establish a nice precedent.

AT the little church at Cottage Corner, a few miles distant from Macomb, the preacher announced that a collection would be taken up for charitable purposes. The baskets were passed around, but the contribution averaged less than one cent apiece for each of the forty-six members. Pastor Kurz, stepping to the front of the platform, said: "I had expected a larger contribution than this and I feel like making up the deficiency myself. Taking a big bill from his pocket he continued: "There are now forty-six members of this congregation and if four more persons will come forward and join I will contribute this $50 bill." No one responded. For a moment or two the minister stood looking at the audience, then he advanced to where a lamp was standing and holding the currency certificate above the blaze he allowed it to burn to ashes.

THE contract for the new Effingham high school building was let for $15,374. It is to be completed Aug. 15.

REV. EDWARD AVERILL was ordained an Episcopal priest at Fairbury. Many churchmen from other places took part.

E. M. KINMAN, a young Jacksonville lawyer, is missing, and great alarm is felt by his relatives. He departed for a hunting trip, in a boat, and but one man claims to have seen him since. That man says he saw Kinman on a Wabash train headed for St. Louis; but friends believe he is dead.

DENVER UNDER ARMS

TROOPS CALLED OUT BY GOV. WAITE.

Entire Police and Fire Department, Aided by Deputy Sheriffs, Refuse to Surrender —Neither Side Dares to Shoot—Revolt Against an Injunction.

Surround the City Hall.

Thursday was an exciting day in Denver. From 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 9 o'clock in the evening the First Regiment, Colorado National Guards, the Chaffee Light Artillery, and the Signal Corps were drawn up in front of the City Hall. A big brass "Napoleon" and two Gatling guns were trained upon the building, and the order to fire was momentarily expected.

The people of Denver awoke Thursday morning to find themselves under martial law. The Governor of Colorado had late Wednesday evening summoned the State troops mentioned above to assemble at their armory, Twenty-sixth and Curtis streets, at 10 o'clock a. m. Thursday. The Governor's orders did not, of course, specify what the troops were wanted for, and the venerable, but pugnacious, executive refused flatly to talk, but of course the whole town knew. This critical situation was brought about by the determination of Gov. Waite to oust the two members of the fire and police board, Jack-

GOVERNOR WAITE.

son Orr and D. J. Martin, whom he removed for protecting gambling houses, and place in office their successors, S. D. Barnes and Dennis Mullins. Messrs. Orr and Martin, having obtained from the District Court an injunction restraining Gov. Waite from forcibly removing them, were determined to resist to the utmost.

Prepare for Battle.

The order for the troops to move was given at 2 o'clock. All the men were attired in fatigue uniform, and the artillerymen looked especially warlike in their slouch hats and tightly fitting suits. There was an average of twenty men to a gun, and each of these weapons of death had four horses attached to it. At the city hall the whole police department was rapidly collected and prepared to defend the old fire and police board. In addition several hundred of the toughest citizens, many of whom have records as man killers, were sworn in as deputies by Sheriff Bonynge, and Chief of Police Lebanon, one of the wealthiest and most prominent colored citizens of Southern Illinois. Miss Turner attended McKendree College and had a high standing in scholarship.

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Wealth of the World.

THE bank capital of France is £238,000,000.

THE bank capital of Great Britain is £910,000,000.

ALL the property of Italy is assessed at £3,000,000,000.

IN 1885 Great Britain had £527,000,000 loaned abroad.

THE United States is the richest country on the globe.

FRANCE is worth, all property considered, £8,000,000,000.